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## TABLES.

From Neal's Saturday Gazette.

### MORNING CALLS; OR, EVERY BODY'S PARTICULAR FRIEND.

By the Author of "The Bedott Papers."

"Good morning, Miss Mary!"

"Good morning, Mrs. Shaw!"

"I'm well aware that I don't owe any call here but I told Mr. Shaw that the morning was so fine I'd just step in and see whether you were all alive, for really it seems an age since I saw any of you—you've not been at all neighborly of late."

"I know it, Mrs. Shaw, but you must excuse us, for grandmother has been so feeble for some weeks past that we have not been able to leave—mother is with her now and desires to be excused."

"Certainly; she is very excusable. I was not aware that your grandmother was sick—I'm excessively sorry to hear it—should assuredly have been round to see her before, had I been aware of her illness. I do think so much of your grandmother—she is certainly the sweetest old lady that I ever knew. I tell Mr. Shaw she reminds me so much of my own dear dead mother—has the same dignified manner and benevolent countenance that she had. And her character is very much like my mother's, too always doing good among the poor and sick. I regret excessively that I was not aware of her illness—should certainly have been round, though my own health has been very precarious—in fact, it always is—I go out very little—none at all excepting among my particular friends. I do hope your grandma'll be spared—we couldn't part with her any way—there are so few like her on earth—and the poet says "Heaven is overflowing." Ah! I see you have Dickens' last here—I suppose it's excessively interesting."

"No—I think it's hardly worth reading."

"Indeed! well, of course I shall not read it if you condemn it—you are such an excellent judge of literature, and such a reader—your own productions, too, are exquisite—Mr. Shaw is perfectly charmed with them. What a beauty your japonica is, I noticed it last evening in passing. Ah! that reminds me they tell stories about you, Mary."

"Indeed! what do they say about me, pray?"

"O, they say you're going to be married."

"The deuce I am! To whom are they going to marry me?"

"My stars! I protest you counterfeit astonishment to perfection. Of course the favored one is George Carter—and I assure you, Mary, you're quite the envy of all the girls for snapping him up so soon after his return from Europe."

"You surprise me, Mrs. Shaw. I've seen very little of George Carter since he came home."

"Ah, do you think I shall believe you when appearances are so very strong against you? Didn't I see somebody's curly dog lying on somebody's piazza last evening?"

"And seeing a puppy outside of the door, it was very natural for you to infer that there was another one inside."

"O Mary, what a creature you are! You have such a ready wit. Mr. Shaw says he never knew your equal in that respect—he does admire wit in a lady excessively. But I'll not detain you—give my love to your ma, and your grandma too—and tell her how deeply interested I feel in her—I do hope she'll recover. And do you and your ma come round and see us as soon as you can. Serapheen and I think so much of seeing our friends—your ma and you particularly—and we're so lonely since Angeleen went to New York."

"Have you heard from Angeleen lately?"

"Yes, we received a letter yesterday. She says give my love to all the girls, but particularly to Mary Barber. Angel does think so much of you. (Miss Barber bows.) She's enjoying herself excessively—sees a great deal of company. You know how it is in the city Mary—you've spent so much time there. She says she dreads coming back to this dull place excessively."

"Well then I hope she'll snap up somebody in the city, and not be compelled to come back here."

"What a quiz you are, Mary! but I must go—give my love to your ma, and do come round when you can. Good morning."

"Good morning, Mrs. Shaw."

Her next call is at Dr. More's.

"Good morning, Caroline. Is your ma at home?"

"She is. She's engaged just now in the kitchen, but she'll be in shortly."

"Now don't let me hinder you if you are engaged about anything—just take me right in where you're at work."

"Well then walk into the sitting-room, if you please—Charlotte and I are sewing there."

"Good morning, Charlotte! Dress-making, eh? Is that for you or Caroline?"

"For me—but Caroline has one like it. Do you think it pretty?"

"I do so. Those large plaids are excessively becoming to a tall slender person like you and Caroline—but Mary Barber looks wretchedly in them—she's so short and so thick. I was just in there—she had on a plaid, the squares, without exaggeration, as large as my two hands—it was blue, too, and you know she is so dark."

"I should think it would be unbecoming to her—but Mary cares very little for dress, I think."

"She does so—an unpardonable fault in a young lady, in my opinion. Mr. Shaw thinks a young lady

should be always neatly and becomingly dressed. He was speaking of it the other day, and contrasting you two girls with Mary Barber. 'But,' said he, 'Mary might be ever so well dressed and she wouldn't look any how with such a form as she has.' You were passing our house at the time—said he, 'there's a couple of the finest forms in Greenville.' Mr. Shaw does admire a fine form in a lady excessively. But Mary's so busy writing those nonsensical stories and stuff that she has no time to think of her personal appearance. Did you ever read anything so flat? What a pity that she so mistakes her talent. Mr. Shaw laughs about it—he does dislike a blue stocking excessively. And, Caroline, don't you think Mary is very unrefined in her conversation?"

"I think she's rather abrupt, sometimes."

"Abrupt! my stars! I tell Mr. Shaw that what she intends for wit, I call essential vulgarity; and Mr. Shaw agrees with me—he does dislike such things in a young lady, excessively. I think she's rather censorious too—for instance, she pronounced George Carter a puppy—at which I confess I was astonished."

"Well, I'm astonished too—for I think George Carter a fine fellow."

"He is so, Charlotte. Serapheen thinks him decidedly elegant; and you know she's competent to give an opinion—having passed two winters in New York, where she saw a great deal of gentlemen's society. I was excessively sorry to hear Mary speak so; but I hope you won't repeat it—at least don't mention it as coming from me. I merely alluded to it because I felt so indignant at the remark."

"Good morning, Mrs. Shaw."

"Good morning, Mrs. More; how's your health?"

"Very good, indeed—are you well, Mrs. Shaw?"

"Oh, no, Mrs. More. I'm miserable; indeed I ought to be at home and in bed now; but I told Mr. Shaw that the morning was so fine, I must come round to see you. I don't pretend to call except upon my particular friends. Mr. Shaw often tells me I make a complete hermit of myself—I hope I'm not hindering you this morning Mrs. More."

"Oh, not at all—you must excuse me for not coming in sooner. I was just baking and couldn't well leave my bread."

"Just so—you're very excusable—you do your own work, Mrs. More, I believe."

"Yes, our family is small—only Dr. More and us three—and since the girls were old enough to help me, I've preferred doing without servants."

"Well now—what a grand thing that is! I tell Mr. Shaw I should be so delighted if I could get along without servants—they are such a plague! but situated as we are, it would be utterly impossi-

ble. The girls are very industrious—I've instructed them in that respect—but they are away so much; our relatives in the city insist upon having one of them there most of the time; and my health is so precarious that I can do very little. And then, when the girls are at home, they are necessarily so much occupied with their company and music. Your daughters are not musicians, I believe, Mrs. More?"

"No—they have never shown any fondness for music—at least no decided talent for it; and their father thought it would be a useless expense to have them take lessons."

"It would so, Mrs. More—Mr. Shaw and myself would never have thought of such a thing as having Angeleen and Seraphcen learn music, if they had not shown such an extraordinary talent for it, from their very infancy. It's utter nonsense for children to study anything they haven't a taste for, especially music. I think you acted very judiciously."

"Have you heard from Angeleen, lately?"

"Yes, Caroline—I had a letter from her yesterday. She is passing her time very pleasantly at her uncle's—but she says she *does* want to see pa and ma and sis, and you and Charlotte very much indeed. She says, 'give my love to all the girls, but particularly to Caroline and Charlotte More.' Angel *does* think so much of her friends—especially your two girls. Seeing you make a sleeve, Charlotte, reminds me that she speaks of the fashions. She says they're wearing that kind of sleeve now very much. Who cuts your dresses, Lotty? they always fit beautifully."

"We cut them ourselves."

"My stars! you amaze me! why Mrs. More, I wonder if there's *anything* under the sun that your girls can't do."

"Yes—they can't play on the piano. I had them learn to cut and fit, of Miss Curtis, before she went away—and ever since they have made all our dresses."

"My stars! If that isn't a grand idea. You are such a *capital* manager, Mrs. More. Mr. Shaw often remarks that Dr. More's family is a model, for its admirable management—and it is so. It seems to me I should be the happiest woman in the world if I could be independent of hired girls and mantua makers. I tell Mr. Shaw they're the plague of my life. Oh, if my girls could make their own dresses and have them fit as exquisitely as Carry's and Lotty's do, I should be so rejoiced. How dreadfully Mary Barber's dresses hang on her. By the way, Mrs. More, did you know that old Mrs. Barber is quite sick?"

"Oh, yes, she's been sick some time."

"Is Dr. More her physician?"

"No—they employ Dr. Smith, I believe."

"My stars! you amaze me, Mrs. More! that miserable homœopathist! Astonishing that people will be such fools! to think of their trusting her in his hands, when there's such a skillful physician as Dr. More close by; why I haven't the least confidence in that kind of practice—and Dr. More enjoys such a reputation too! Mr. Shaw says that if Dr. Billings hadn't been our family physician before Dr. More came here, he should certainly have employed Dr. More. However, Mrs. More—between you and me, I presume Dr. More has escaped an undesirable job. I should think old Mrs. Barber would be an excessively disagreeable

patient. She is so *very* repulsive when she's well. Don't you think so?"

"Well I don't know; she's rather reserved—though I like her."

"Reserved! my stars! she's as cold as an icicle—I don't see how you *can* like her, especially when she has treated Dr. More so shabbily."

"I *did* feel rather hurt that they discharged Dr. More; but they were urged by some of their friends to try the homœopathic system. It's not from any want of confidence in Dr. More—they are very friendly to him—and I dare say they'll employ him again at some future time, if they're not satisfied with Dr. Smith's practice."

"Well I hope that Dr. More will decline attending them; he certainly ought to do so. I went in there this morning from a sense of duty. I never call upon any but my particular friends, except in case of sickness; and the Barbers are such a queer family: I never know what to make of them.—But I *must* go; I always stay so long when I come here. I tell Mr. Shaw I never know when to get away from Dr. More's. I do think so much of your family. Now do come round, Mrs. More; you *never* come—and the girls are not sociable at all; do come. Seraph and I are so lonely, &c. &c.—(imagine the rest)."

She next proceeds to Dr. Smith's.

"Good morning, Mrs. Smith."

"Good morning, Mrs. Shaw; you look fatigued; take the rocking chair—do."

"Thank you Mrs. Smith, I will, for I *am* quite weary; have made several calls this morning; calls are an awful bore to me in my state of health, except when I go to see my particular friends."

"Sure—is your health not good Mrs. Shaw?"

"It's miserable, Mrs. Smith—miserable. I really ought to be at home and in bed now; but I told Mr. Shaw that the morning was so fine, I must get around and see Mrs. Smith. I've so long been wishing to come. Mr. Shaw thought I was rather imprudent to walk so far; but I told him I would stop and rest several times on the way. I wouldn't attempt to take such a walk except to see a very *particular* friend, which I hope I may call you, Mrs. Smith."

"Certainly, Mrs. Shaw—you do me much honor. I hope you'll not be the worse for the exertion.—Have you been long an invalid?"

"I have so; my health has been very precarious for some years. O, Mrs. Smith, you cannot imagine how excessively tired I've become of taking such quantities of medicine as the old-fashioned doctors give. I tell Mr. Shaw the very sight of it disgusts me."

"Sure."

"I've heard so much of Dr. Smith's astonishing success in his practise, that I shouldn't hesitate a moment to place myself under his care, and go through a course of homœopathic treatment, if it were not for fear of offending old Dr. Billings, who has always been our family physician; and we are fearful he might feel hurt, you know."

"Sure—but I do not think he would be. Dr. Smith has one of Dr. More's patients, Mrs. Barber, under his care; and Dr. More doesn't appear to be at all displeased about it."

"I think you're mistaken, Mrs. Smith, for I've heard Mrs. More speak of it with considerable bitterness. She said *her* feelings were very much hurt at the Barbers discharging her husband.—

Though she remarked that she felt confident they would soon become dissatisfied with Dr. Smith, and send for Dr. More again."

"Well, I declare! I'll tell the doctor of that—it's the first time I've heard of any one's speaking against my husband's practice."

"You know, Mrs. Smith, Dr. More is a very penurious man, and of course would not like to have a rich patient slip through his fingers."

"Is he a *close* man? I didn't know it before."

"He is so—are you acquainted with the family?"

"No—Mrs. More has never called upon me."

"Well, that's not strange—it *costs* something you know to keep up an acquaintance."

"I thought they were quite a genteel family."

"Genteel!—my stars! they are excessively plain."

"I'm sure the daughters dress in good style."

"I'm aware of that, Mrs. Smith; but they pinch and save in every other way."

"Sure!—how you talk!"

"They keep no servants at all, though Dr. More is abundantly able; there are few richer men in Greenville. Mrs. More works like a slave—and so do the girls."

"Sure!—how you talk, Mrs. Shaw!"

"I tell Mr. Shaw I do really pity those poor girls; notwithstanding the doctor's ample means, he has never given them the advantage of a genteel education."

"Sure! You don't say so Mrs. Shaw?"

"Just so, Mrs. Smith—they've not even learnt music!"

"Mercy on us!"

"But they've taken lessons in—, what do you think? just *guess*, Mrs. Smith."

"Well I'm sure I can't tell—is it drawing?"

"Drawing! My stars! You'd never guess till your dying day—dressmaking!"

"Mercy on us! he, he, he, he! how Ann Eliza would laugh to hear that. It's the last thing I ever should have thought of."

"Why, Mr. Shaw says he'd do anything in the world before he'd let me and the girls work as they do. He says if it took his last sixpence, Angel and Seraph should learn music."

"Sure—I shouldn't think Ann Eliza fit for genteel society, unless she could play on the piano—how I *should* feel if her pa should want her to make her own dresses."

"You would so Mrs. Smith—it's the only *accomplishment* that the More's possess; and no wonder they carry it to such *perfection*, and pinch up their waists to the size of a chair-post. Did you ever see such sights as their waists?"

"They are very small, indeed."

"They look perfectly ridiculous—Mr. Shaw can't bear such forms; he says a little waist is a deformity rather than a beauty."

"I think so too. I've never let Ann Eliza lace tight."

"Well, you have acted very judiciously, Mrs. Smith; how is Ann Eliza?"

"She's quite well, thank you. She's gone out this morning to make calls."

"Well, I hope she'll go round to our house.—Seraph would be so delighted to see her—Ann Eliza's a lovely girl. I'm told she was a great belle at Coonville."

"Well, it's not for me to say as to that."



"Of course—but you can't help being proud of her, Mrs. Smith. How sweetly she looked last Sabbath day! Mr. Shaw remarked it. He admires her style of beauty excessively. I observed she had on one of the new-fashioned capes. Angeleen writes me that they're very much worn by the first in New-York."

"Yes—Ann Eliza heard they were very fashionable among genteel people. Have you heard from Angeleen, lately?"

"Received a letter yesterday—she's very happy; says she's engaged in one constant round of parties and swarees—just what Angel likes, you know; she's so fond of society. She says, give my love to all the girls, but particularly to Ann Eliza Smith. She *does* love Ann Eliza. But I must go."

"Don't be in haste, Mrs. Shaw."

"O, I've stayed a long time. I always *do* stay forever, when I come here. Now do come round, Mrs. Smith—run in at any time—don't be ceremonious. I never use any ceremony with my particular friends. Tell Ann Eliza to come round, &c. &c."

Her next call is at Mr. Price's the minister.

"How *do* you do, Mrs. Price?"

"Quite well, thank you—how are you, Mrs. Shaw?"

"Poorly, Mrs. Price—quite poorly."

"I'm very sorry to hear it."

"Really, Mrs. Price, I must take you to task for not coming round to see me this long time.—You've not done your duty as a minister's wife."

"I've not been able to go, Mrs. Shaw. Gustus has been sick with the measles, and I've not been out at all for three weeks."

"My stars! how you shock me, Mrs. Price. I haven't heard a word of Augustus being sick, or I should certainly have been round; I always go to see the sick if I'm able to crawl—but my health is so precarious that I very seldom get out. I told Mr. Shaw the morning was *so* fine I *must* get out and see my minister's folks, though it's a very long walk for me. How is dear little Gusty now?"

"Much better—so as to be able to go to school to-day."

"I'm very glad—very, indeed. Augustus is such a noble boy—Mr. Shaw says he is without exception the finest child he ever saw. What a mercy that the Lord saw fit to spare him!"

"It was, indeed—I feel to be thankful."

"Is Mr. Price at home?"

"He is. I'll speak to him."

"Now don't disturb him, Mrs. Price, if he's engaged; but his conversation is *so* instructive I would like excessively to see him."

"Ah Mr. Price, I hope you're well—quite well?"

"Perfectly so, sister Shaw. I trust you are in the enjoyment of more comfortable corporeal health than has recently fallen to your lot!"

"I regret that I am not, Mr. Price—my health is very delicate—I assure you, it was a great exertion for me to walk so far this morning. I told Mr. Shaw I wouldn't have thought of going such a distance to see any one but you and Mrs. Price."

"Ye-e-s—I assure you, sister Shaw, I appreciate the effort, and am truly gratified to see you."

"Thank you, Mr. Price, it does me *so* much good to talk with you occasionally."

"Ye-e-s—well, how you f-e-e-l now, sister Shaw, in regard to your mind?"

"O, Mr. Price, I cannot say that I always feel as I ought to—owing to the precarious state of my health, my feelings are variable."

"Ye-e-s—quite natural they should be so."

"Sometimes I feel a degree of coldness and apathy, and am almost tempted to give up my hope; and again I experience great comfort, and my evidences of acceptance are very strong."

"Ye-e-s—as a general thing, you enjoy religion, I suppose?"

"I do so—O, Mr. Price, what should I do without religion? I tell Mr. Shaw, that with my miserable health, religion is my only support."

"Ye-e-s—how does Mr. Shaw feel?"

"O, Mr. Price, I regret to say, that he does not feel his lost and ruined condition as sensibly as I could wish. O! O! if that man *only* had saving faith—and if Serapheen was *only* a christian—my happiness would be complete!"

"Ye-e-s—I trust that you wrestle for them, without ceasing, at the throne of grace?"

"I do so, Mr. Price—I do so"

"Ye-e-s—and do you feel, that in case the Lord should see fit to disregard your petitions, and consign them to everlasting misery, you could acquiesce in his decrees, and rejoice in their destruction?"

"I feel that I could without a murmur."

"Ye-e-s—I am very happy, sister Shaw, to find you in so desirable a state of mind."

"But, Mr. Price, I feel at times, excessively exercised, in view of the low state of religion in Greenville, now."

"Ye-e-s—it is truly melancholy, the ways of Zion languish."

"They do so—it's time we had another protracted-meeting. I don't know when I've had my feelings *so* tried as they have been this morning, to see the coldness and worldliness of some of our people. On my way here I stopped to rest at several places—and O my dear Mr. Price! it was so distressing to witness the unconcern that was manifested."

"Ye-e-s."

"I called at Mrs. Barber's—they're very irreligious people, you know."

"Ye-e-s—no experimental acquaintance with saving faith."

"None whatever. The old lady's quite sick—on her death-bed, perhaps—I didn't see her—they didn't ask me to go in—you know they're very peculiar people—so distant. I *did* want to see her, and find out how she *felt*—and whether she expected to get to heaven on good works now. You know you used to think she did."

"Ye-e-s—I had reason to suppose so, from her conduct."

"It would be dreadful, if the old lady should die in such a state of mind—wouldn't it Mr. Price?"

"Ye-e-s—"

*'Behold the aged sinner goes,  
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,  
Down to the regions of the dead  
With endless curses on her head.'*

How remarkably those words of the sacred poet apply to her case!"

"They do so. I didn't see Mrs. George Barber, neither. She was with the old lady—but I saw Mary—what a hardened girl she is! Why, Mr. Price, she actually called on the name of the adversary of souls in the course of her conversation. I *never* was so shocked!"

"Dreadful! awfully dreadful, sister Shaw!"

"And the Mores, too—I was in there—how excessively worldly they are—think of nothing but making and saving money—and what *is* money good for? nothing—just nothing, Mr. Price—it's the root of all evil, Mr. Price."

"Ye-e-s—ye-e-s."

Though poor Mr. Price thought in his heart that a little of that same root wouldn't come amiss to him.

"And Dr. Smith's people—I called there, too—what a poor, silly woman, Mrs. Smith is—entirely devoted to the world and its follies. She thinks more of having her daughter shine in society, than she does of saving her soul, I *do* believe. O, Mr. Price, I was sick at heart—I could have wept as I sat there, and heard that woman run on about her daughter being a belle, and dressing in style and all that. Poor Ann Eliza she has no parent to wrestle for her at the throne of grace, as my dear Serapheen has! I *do* feel for her—no wonder that she's such a trifling, thoughtless thing."

"Ye-e-s—it is truly melancholy to be in her condition."

"O, there's an alarming state of things in Greenville now, Mr. Price—we *must* have a protracted meeting, Mr. Price."

"Ye-e-s, sister Shaw, we must endeavor to do so."

"I feel as if *something* must be done for impenitent sinners in Greenville. It's three years since we had a special effort—'twas before you came here, Mr. Price—there was a great outpouring of the spirit—Angeleen experienced religion—and I feel to believe, that if we could have another, Mr. Shaw and Serapheen would come out. And then a great many of those that were hopefully converted at the last meeting, have gone back into the world, and want to be re-converted. We must get up a revival, Mr. Price. Don't you think so?"

"Ye-e-s, I feel convinced that a protracted effort might be signally blest, if the church would come up to the work. Speaking of your absent daughter, sister Shaw, have you heard from her lately?"

"I have *so*—received a letter yesterday. She desired to be particularly remembered to her dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Price."

"Ye-e-s, thank you—did she say what was the state of religion in New-York now?"

"Very low, she says—very low, indeed. She attends Dr. Kittle's church with her uncle's family; but she says she *does* want to hear one of your excellent, spiritual sermons again, Mr. Price.—She's heartily sick of the gaiety of the city.—She's obliged to mingle in it some, you know; but such things are very uncongenial to Angel's taste. She *does* long to come home to her old friends, and sit under her dear Mr. Price's preaching once more. Angel is very much attached to you and Mrs. Price, and so fond of retirement. 'Ma,' she says in her letter, 'I'm nearly worn out with visits, parties, and swarees.'"

"Swarees! I trust those are not, as the name imports, profane assemblages."

"By no means, Mr. Price, 'Swarees' is the French for 'ice cream parties'; but I *must* go—my visits here are *so* refreshing. I always stay longer than I intend to. What an intensely interesting sermon you gave us last Sabbath day. Mr. Price, it did me so much good. Mr. Shaw was excessively delighted with it—'that's what I call preaching,' said he to me, as we were going home."

O, Mr. Price, it is *such* a deprivation to me not to be able to attend the evening prayer meeting oftener but my health is *so* precarious that I cannot do as inclination prompts; but I *feel* that such deprivations are sent as trials to my faith."

"Y-e-s, undoubtedly, sister Shaw—and I trust that your faith will be strengthened by them."

"I do most *ardently*, hope so—but I *must* go—now *do* come round, Mr. Price, and you Mrs. Price I think *so* much of having you come."

FRANK.

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

### LETTERS TO A YOUNG LADY.

#### No. 3.

I stood amid the scenes of my childhood, but the friends of my youth were gone far away. The trees were stripped of their bloom, the gay enrol of the bird was hushed, and desolation waved her wings over the deserted walls of Ivon. In the bitterness of despair, I called aloud, where are they? The distant hills gave back the shout, and echo answered—"where"—OSSIAN.

LAVINIA—Peace sits upon the bosom of the silent night; throned on the frozen glaziers of the air, the winter ring keeps his solitary vigils, and the stars look out with such an earnestness of gaze that we need not the talismanic wand of Poetry to crowd their courts with hosts of seraphim. In the vast presence chamber of time, stands a solitary figure: Sorrow with an unsparing hand has traced her deep characters upon his brow, and with white-lipped terror he looks back upon his short but eventful career. His path has lain through fields drenched with the red drops of carnage; his ears have been assailed with the agonizing cry of thousands whom Pestilence has swept away; and the haggard ghosts of famine—destroyed multitudes, flit before his eye. Motionless as a statue, and with features to which the intensity of his gaze gives the immobility of marble,—he meditates in wintry silence, and as if gladdened with the prospect of leaving this world of inconsistencies, he calmly awaits the summons which is about to call him away into the darkness of the past. It is the Old Year! And hark! deep as the sound of a distant waterfall;—solemn as the tolling of a muffled bell, the dirge of his departure comes with the awakening of the breeze. Spring with its mossy banks, and yellow cowslips has past away: Summer with its silvery dawn, and breathing redolence lingered with us its allotted time: Autumn with its diadem of rainbow colours, and subdued music, followed behind; and Winter with its howling winds, and its pleasant gatherings around the fireside—closed the scene.

Yes, Lavinia! another year has joined that innumerable caravan of ages, which are gently toiling down towards the regions of unbreaking night: another portion of our existence is measured out; and though we cannot drown our cares in tears, or shake the wrinkles from our brow: though time be deaf to our most pathetic sorrows, and Death negligent of our prayers; yet, it behooves us to cast anchor for a little space, and ponder over the lessons of deep instruction with which the year has been fraught:—inasmuch as they may prove useful in our future passage through life. Oh it is a painfully pleasant season, with its wealth of overflowing affections, its happy greetings, its gathering up of old thoughts and feelings, its broken heart strings,

and its mournful vicissitudes. At such a time we call to remembrance the days and scenes of our childhood, when a father's fingers pointed us to the stars of Heaven, till we saw through earth's transparent dome, the spirits of the departed ones—a company of white robed cherubims. We recollect how he whispered to us of God's blessing; at the same time feeding his desert wearied eye on the radiance of the promised land, its vine crowned hills and its luxuriant vales. It seems but yesterday that we were in the noise and busy hum of the village school, where passed away some of life's happiest hours: but yesterday, that we strolled with a little knot of sunshiny companions in the merry month of May to gather the primroses from the orchard banks, or the blue bells and daisies from the verdant meadows. Their blue eyes, their rosy cheeks, and flaxen curls are pictured in our dreams of to-day; and with our heart upon our lips, we are ready to inquire—where are they?—and echo answers—"where?"

Some there are wandering in a foreign land, and although time has thrown years into the boundless past, since last they sought their home, yet, their names are garlanded with pleasant memories, and in our eyes a warm tear still sparkles for them.—Some too whose hearts have roamed afar in search of that happiness which the world does not possess, for the serpent-charm of fame; have returned to their rose-girt home, with bright drops stealing down the cheek, and sought the soothing draught of affection, at the pure fountain of an unstained heart—at the altar of connubial love, where they need not to fear deception. As we assemble around the blazing fire, to share the festivities of the season with the young and the gay, we cast a suppressed glance at the vacant chair, and a voice comes up from the solitude of our hearts, which the joyous tones of laughter and song cannot drown. Names are spoken which may not be forgotten; memories upon whose diamond brightness, Time cannot fling a shadow—press upon our lips for utterance: the buried idol of our affections, though absent—is yet present: the recollection of our last meeting; the whispered promise; the final embrace; the lingering adieu; the tear-lit eye, are again realized; the young spirit hovers around us, and as we speak of the surges of life's changeful sea, the promises to become the beacon light of our being, and guide us from the darkness of earth, to the light of everlasting day.

To whom does not one year bring its changes either in circumstances or in sentiment? How many have been called upon, to see youth and beauty sink slowly away, before the world had profaned that temple which the Eternal had consecrated to himself—before the blighting mildew of sin had sullied their immaculate souls? Where are the voices whose tones vibrated into the inmost recesses of our hearts making melody which time cannot mar? where the ever dreaming eye that spoke of a light and innocent spirit? the roses that dwelt on the dimpled cheek? the open brow, radiant with joy and gladness? the silken curls which gave such a childlike expression to the "tell tale face?" The rocks catch up the question, and echo answers—"where." Oh memory thou art no flatterer, no deceptive light fingers on thy bright surface, thou touches each feature with a living hue, and as thou throws open the sepulchres of the past, one friend after another, struggles forth from the gloomy

receptacle, until we mingle our wild plaint with the troubled music of the leafless trees, or murmur at the decree which broke the brightest link in the chain of our affections, and mocked us with unreal hopes—with phantom promises. One by one they passed away into the land of shadows; upon their path the poison as well as the nectar was dropped, enlaced in the cold embraces of the green earth they sleep side by side, and as we look upon the places of their rest, we frequently see noble wishes and good deeds blooming from their ashes.

One there is Lavinia, whose memory I cherish above all others: Death never snatched a lovelier blossom from its parent stem; never laid his remorseless hand upon so resigned a sacrifice. With what intense delight have I seen her in the days of her girlhood, gliding among the birds that smiled by the threshold of her own humble home! tripping like a fairy through the garden walks, she would uproot each unseemly weed, while the crocuses and lilies as if in very thankfulness, would bow their little heads, and sprinkle her careful feet with the last lustrous tears, which night had shed upon them. Sometimes I have watched her gather a blossom from every generous bush, to deck the mantle-piece, or weave them into a bouquet for one she loved;—and have gazed enraptured upon her small white fingers, as they clasped the stem, and so gently separated the leaves, as not to disturb one glistening drop that nestled in the tiny petals. No cankering worm found a lodging in her bowers; no spider wove its cobweb curtains around her window—garlanded with woodbines; no amorous vine was allowed to stray from its proper course to embrace another than its lawful trellis; her fostering care was ever watching over them, and often have I seen her emerging from the arbor—her dark flowing ringlets diamonded with a constellation of rain drops, and her fair cheeks which had just partaken of the refreshing shower, as pure and soft as rose-leaves seen through dew.

Often have we rambled together by the silvery brook to gather posies—when the wild flowers were loading the air with their fragrance, and the osiers nodding to the breeze. Even yet her bright eyes which are closed in death, beam upon me: again her merry laugh is ringing in my ear, and her bounding form flits across my vision in all the freshness of her youth. Time and distance are annihilated when I think of her; and the changes and chances of this fleeting world exist no longer when my memory revels in the sunshine of our gay and happy childhood. The lapse of a few years served to unite us in feeling, and it was amid the clustering leaves and flowers that shaded her sister's grave, that we first spoke of the undecaying beauty of love; of the dimness and fleetness of all things else. Oh it was a moment never to be forgotten—when she leaned upon the white stone that bore her sister's name, and whispered of the certainty of human decay; gazing at the same time upon the grey ruins of a neighboring castle, over whose prostrate columns the moss was creeping, and from whose time-worn battlements the green ivy was waving. It was a destiny of bewildering joy, to see her place in my hands a braid of the glossy hair, which but yesterday rested on her snowy brow; and to feel her breath upon my burning cheek, as with the gentle tone of an angel she said—"with this amulet, thou canst wander unscathed amongst the fairest of the fair."



At that time only sixteen springs had passed over her, and yet the ravages of consumption were too apparent in the hectic flush that sometimes revealed on her cheek; and with slow, but certain step, they soon entered the very seat of youth and beauty. Unrelentingly, yet beautifully, did the mighty conqueror lay its hand upon her; and even while tearing up the very fountain of light and life, did he impart an additional brilliancy to her eloquent eye—a more delicate color to her dimpled cheek. 'Twas a beautiful autumnal day when I last stepped in to see her; the sun was casting her farewell beams upon the earth; the sere and rustling leaves, the fading grass and flowers, and the calm repose of Nature, all seemed to harmonize with the solemnity of the scene I was called upon to witness. She lay upon a couch, and her head was supported by pillows, while her thin hand as it pressed her mother's, showed by its blue tracings how much she had suffered. A pearl necklace lay upon her soft bosom; but could not rival that bosom in snowy whiteness or virgin purity: a white lace veil of her own knitting threw its gossamer folds over her delicate forehead, and her dark hair rested as smoothly beneath it, as if the spring breezes had never danced amongst it. Her room was arranged with scrupulous neatness; her little escrutoire was closed, and her guitar and books gave evidence, that they were now valueless to their owner. Her thoughts were with the unforgotten dead; she was rejoicing in the hope of sharing a happier home; and she spoke of the kingdoms and crowns of eternity, as confidently and fervently, as if they were revealed in visible and tangible reality before her. Casting her dying eye upon those who were weeping around her, she pointed them to those mansions not made with hands: she told them she was exchanging her cup of earthly suffering, for the living fountain of joy at her Father's right hand: a smile of untold beauty mantled upon her cheek: her eyes closed: and softly as an infant falls asleep upon the breast of its fond mother, so sweetly and peacefully did she sink in death.

Tell me not that Love is a mere fancy, which passes away as the dew from the flower—as the greenness from the earth. Tell me not that its early dreams can be dimmed by the darkening shadows of years. Tell me not that our passions and feelings are like so many harp strings through which the wind of impulse sweep more or less fitful, and are destined to melt away in eternal silence. You and I Lavinia know otherwise, and we have felt it to be otherwise, as we have clung with childish fondness to some memento of our buried loves;—as we have returned again and again to the coffin, and kissed the furrows which care and disappointment had engraven on the sleeper's brow.

We know that the endearing ties of a more permanent home are in store for us; and, it is well if we can feel as we pass through this working day world, that our intercourse with it, has refined and improved the mind without contaminating it: that flattery and admiration have not sullied the affectionate heart, or robbed us of the winning grace of a simple and unassuming deportment. The world ought not, and does not if we look at it aright—present a dreary blank to our view, with nothing to reconcile its cup of afflictions—nothing to elicit our thankfulness, and soothe our regard. There is oftentimes more pleasure in wandering back to the past, than in looking forward to the future; the

past may be less radiant it is true, but there is more of a real loveliness surrounds it. Who can picture the departed brother, who was wont to partake of our bench in the chimney corner, while the storm-spirits were shouting without, and with whom we use to sit upon the lawns, stringing the fallen blossoms of summer on stalks of grass? Who can image a sister standing by the side of her favorite instrument, carelessly applying her delicate fingers to the strings, and drawing forth ravishing strains of harmony; without feeling wrapt as in a trance—

"A dream too intly touched for utterance."

Anguish and lamentation may have been our portion: Memory upon her unfolded page may present friends, whose being was linked with our own;—friends whose virtues frequently excited our esteem; and who are still endeared to our tenderest sensibilities; but we know they are not dead. If there voices no longer come through their cottage casement, like the tones of a distant mandolin sweeping over the calm sea; yet, we can fancy them joining in the harpings of the celestial city, and mingling in Love's eternal jubilee. If we cannot share their immediate presence, and as erst wreath our fingers amid their wavy hair;—we, can look forward with blissful rapture to the time, when that simple pleasure will form one of the charms of a new existence. Henceforward then, let us be wise, and may each year as it takes its departure, find us rejoicing in the superiority of virtue, and stepping forward with energy as faithful champions in every good cause; so, that our spirits, when called from the cares and tumults of the world, may repose in those heavenly bowers, through which living waters bend their course, and infinite glory diffuses its rays. Such are the feelings which the christian religion requires of us, such the resignation it teaches:—possessed of this, we can frequently "suspend the dashing oar" as we sail down the tide of time—to converse with the unseen spirits that hover around our bark; and when with Ossian we ask "where are they?" the echo will be—"not dead"—"but gone before."

Claverack, N. Y. 1847. FRANK WESTON.

For the Rural Repository.

#### RANDOM GLEANINGS.

##### No. 2.

A GREETING to thee, Kate, a happy New-Year welcome, and not to thee alone send I this greeting but to all the many friends whose love I covet.—And they are many for within our little city are those who are very dear to Barry—who for years have met him with a quiet smile and a warm clasp of the hand, and peradventure a few with a silent embrace and joining of the lips. To all such doth Barry wish a happy New-Year—to Lucy, the Sarahs and the Marys sends he greetings—to Anna, Lizzie, Ellen, Maggie, Augusta and Eliza doth he wish happiness this first day of the year. Though he may not be with them, yet will he think of them kindly and quaff to them in a bumper of—cold water.

'Tis a long time, Kate, since I last wrote to you. The flowers have vanished away since then. The leaves have fallen from the trees and have been scattered by the Autumn winds, long ago; how they rustled and fluttered as the blast swept o'er them, chattering on every side in terror, and hiding

in every conceivable nook and cranny, resting upon the door-steps, creeping beneath the pile of old logs and clustering together on the deserted garden beds where once bloomed the sweet pinks, the gaudy tulips, the drowsy poppies and the sunny marigolds in the summer hours gone by. The fruit of the orchards have long been gathered and have found a quiet rest in the vaults of the farmer, there the golden pippin makes love to the rosy cheeked spitzenberg, and the seek-no-farther, lies side by side, with the blushing lady apple. The forest trees have given up their store of nuts—the hickory, the butternut, the hazel, the chestnut, the beech, and the black walnut are lying in the farm-house garrets, spread out upon the floor to dry. Bunches of savory herbs, for feasting and for sickness, sweet marjoram, sage, pennyroyal, peppermint, chamomile, the bitter peach leaf and the elder blossoms hang round the walls, while strings of onions and ears of red and yellow corn are pendant from the rafters as in olden times, the misletoe bough hung over the kitchen door. Within the cellar, in one corner lie piled up huge yellow pumpkins, waiting patiently till the time shall come when they shall be made into pies to grace the festive board. The Autumn with all its varied beauties has passed away and the venerable Mr. John Frost has come and breathed upon the lakes, and the ponds, and the rivers, till they grew chill and the ice spread over them and the snow came down and rested on the earth and it was winter. Hark! how the wind moans and sighs mid the leafless branches of the trees, now like the wailing of a mother in her agony and anon like the sobbing of a heart grieved child.—But the ringing of the sleigh bells and the merry shouts of laughter from some pleasure party drown the winter's cry and bring to our hearts only joy. Santa-Claus that best of good spirits has been very busy lately. Many a child's heart has he caused to beat lightly and many a stocking in the chimney corner has he made heavy with the good things of this life—oh! he's a rare old fellow, Kate, an ample heart has he and it beats—it beats as lovingly as mine doth beat for thee.

Without more ado, Kate, let me commence my tale 'tis called,

#### SANTA CLAUS' VISIT,

##### A LOVE STORY OF CHRISTMAS EVE.

It was as still and cold—on Christmas Eve—as one would wish it to be—so cold that the very moon-beams as they came struggling against the window pane seemed to congeal, and appeared like lines of silver wire drawn out into the icy air. The trees were covered with a coating of ice, which gleamed and glittered in the moonlight, as if their branches were studded o'er with precious stones—icicles like pointed spears hung from the eaves of the cottages and the smoke which rose from the hundred chimnies of the village, passed like pious incense upward—upward into the still air bearing in its quiet folds kind thoughts and grateful words from the loving ones clustered around their hearth-stones. The snow lay very deep upon the ground and was covered with a thick crust which up-bore the children when from the beaten track they turned aside chasing each other over the frozen surface, as home they came from school. Lights gleamed from the windows of every cot in the single street of the village and the voices of young mingled low with the song and the laughter. At one end of the village, within a cottage, a little

apart from the others, are seated an old man of seventy winters, his wife and his grand daughter Mary—the room is one of those antique rooms which answer alike, for the parlor and kitchen, the floor is of oak and sanded with clean white sand which was sprinkled by Mary's own hands. Pictures adorn the walls, descriptive of "The Prodigal Son," in four distinct illustrations—his going, his folly, his poverty and his return. On the dresser are ranged pewter platters and plates without number—while mugs of goodly dimensions hang from the pegs and reflect the flame of the fire. Curtains of white as pure as the snow in the meadow are drawn at the windows and fall in graceful proportions—on one side of the wainscot a little away from the dresser hangs a cage of willow and wire work woven—within it a robin that bird of the homestead, gladdens the house with its music.—On an ancient carved table drawn out in the midst of the room, lies the Bible, unclasped, and wide open, and the eyes of the matron are fixed on the passage before her. "We have seen his star in the East, and are come *hither* to worship him." The old man is seated within his arm chair with his feet to the fire where the yule log is burning and he watches the flame and the smoke as they dance and play with each other—while his thoughts are wandering back to the time of his youth when he danced and joyed with the maidens—and oft doth his eye seek the face of his grand-child beside him with a look of the kindest inquiry. Sad—sad is the heart of the maiden though her lips wear the smile of the happy—yet oft doth she start and she sighs as a footstep glides on past the doorway. Thus sit they in silence, each wishing yet fearing to utter the thoughts that have birth in their bosoms—till the clock in the corner grown bold with the stillness chimes loudly the hour of seven. Then the cat by the fire-side dosing, awoke by the sound, answers with purring, the chirp of the cricket and the dog with a wave of his tail looks up to the face of his master. Then rises the old man and paces the floor of the kitchen; his face hath a look of trouble and the eyes of the maiden, are downcast—while the matron wipes the mist from her glasses and lies them within the book on the page that tells of the birth of our Savior. Still paces the old man forward and backward like a pendulum weary with going, but anon he stops at the window and drawing the curtain aside, looks out on the village, deserted the street is and he hears not the sound of a footfall. Then he turns to his grand-daughter Mary, and says, "Why is it, my child that Nicholas, comes not *hither* to woo thee on this holiest eve of the year; surely thou can'st not have driven him from thee in anger?" Then sighed the maiden and answered as follows: "Truly, my father, I know not the reason that keeps him away—'tis now three days since I have seen him though he hath not been out of the village. There are maidens more beautiful, father, than I and richer by far. Man's heart is a changeable thing and perhaps, my love is forgotten." Then paced the old man backward and forward while dark grew his brow, and the feeling of wrath was upon him. Then he lifted his hand and said; "Never shall Nicholas—" suddenly paused the old man and his hand fell down on the table—while the matron looked over her glasses and opened her mouth as astonished—while the maiden rose from her chair and was fixed like a statue—cowered the dog in the corner, and crept

the cat under the dresser.—While the clock ceased its ticking and held up its hands in amazement. But the cricket kept up its chirping and sang louder and louder—brighter the fire grew and the burning brands cracked and snapped as if giving a welcome—while the flame and the smoke rose higher, and higher and wreathed together fantastic, open the door stood, and there on the up-piled snow was a sleigh carved out from an oak of the forest. Coursers there were with stately horns, that resembled the reindeers of Lapland, pawed they the snow with their hoofs, and scattered it high in the heavens—icicles hung from their antlers, and their backs were covered with snow-flakes—fastened were they to the sleigh with links cut from the icebergs and their saddles were carved out of ebony, and inlaid with hail stones—their reins were of chrystalized moonbeams.—Filled was the sleigh with presents of all kinds—toys for the children, and candies and books without number. Then out from the sleigh there arose a being of comic appearance, he winked to his steeds and then entered the door of the cottage—his face was the face of the moon seen through the mists of October, his eyes were like stars of the night and his mouth was for feasting and drinking—white was his hair as the snow and his beard like the hoar frost—quizzical were his looks and jollity shone in each feature, short was he in his stature though broad in his girth, while his walk was a roll and a caper—his coat was the skin of the polar bear, and hung round his body, alas, ere the morning 'twould be black with the soot of the chimnies, leathern breeches adorned his limbs and fitted his person *exactly*.—Moccasins covered his feet and a three cornered hat he bore in one hand, in the other a flagon of liquor. Closing the door he sat down in a chair and placed the flagon beside him—not a word did he speak but taking a mug from the table, he filled it and handed the same to the old man—trembling he drank but when he had finished, he snacked his lips and he swore, 'twas as good as the best, even that which his old wife had brewed him. Then loudly old Santa Claus laughed, (for 'twas he,) till he shook "like a bowl full of jelly." Then an old song did he sing, till the rafters resounded and the old man joined in with the chorus.

"Both back and side go bare, go bare,  
Both foot and hand go cold—  
But on Christmas give us good ale enough,  
Whether it be new or old."

Then Santa Claus rose but no word did he speak as he pointed unto the flagon, and there as if in a mirror they saw the inside of a cottage and heard the music of voices—young men and maidens were gathered together, and linked hand in hand in the dance.—But Mary saw not in the group, the one she so longed to behold, and her heart grew light as she gazed.—Slowly the picture faded from sight and now they looked on another and heard the faint murmur of bells.—

Rapidly over the frozen ground came a party in sleighs, and as each passed along the light of the moon shone upon them. Beat Mary's heart faster and faster, many among them she knew, but no where saw she her lover. Slowly the picture faded from sight, and now they looked on another, and heard men's voices in anger.

In the village Inn in the bar-room, were grouped together a party of men drinking and gaming and Mary hid her face in her hands, for her woman's heart dared not to look on the picture. But she

thought of her lover; of his goodness and kindness unto her, and she knew he could not be among them—and she gazed with calm heart and clear eye on the semblance before her, but no shade of her lover was there. Slowly the picture faded from sight and now they looked on another and heard the faint chirp of a cricket.

'Twas a chamber, alone and deserted—no light and no fire gave warmth to the picture—and Mary knew 'twas the room of her lover. Unprest was the bed and the curtains were drawn at the window and shut was the chest and the clothes press. But he was not in the chamber. Slowly the picture faded from sight and now they looked on another, and heard the low stroke of a hammer.

There in his work-shop, her lover she saw and his eye was lit up with a smile—there beside a carved ward-robe he stood and was inlaying her name in the panel, hard had he worked, day after day and night after night, to finish it for her by Christmas—and now had he put the finishing stroke and gazed on his work as gazes an artist. Beat Mary's heart lovingly faster, tears overflowed from her eyelids, as water bubbles up from the fountain—and she sank on her knees by the hearth-stone, while her hands were clasped o'er her bosom. The old man bowed his head on his breast, while his silver locks shrouded his eyebrows, and his wife turned unto the Bible, while her thin lips parted in prayer. Oh! filled were their hearts with joy at the instant.—But ere they looked round Santa Claus, he had gone and the soot dropped down from the chimney.

Soon a step on the snow outside was heard and Nicholas tapped at the door-way—he entered, and Mary was clasped in his arms and a kiss was impressed on her forehead. A grasp of the hand did the old man give and the matron murmured her blessing.—And happiness dwelt in the household on this night—of the birth of our Savior.

December, 1847.

BARRY GRAY.

## MISCELLANY.

### THANK YOU, SIR!

"Come Charles, my son," said deacon Allworthy, "take one of these turkeys and carry it up to parson Moody for Thanksgiving."

"No, father, I don't do that again, I tell you."

"What do I hear now, Charles? These five and twenty years I have sent the parson a turkey and Jos has carried them, and Tom and Jerry, and you—without ever refusing before. What's the matter now?"

"Why father he never thanks me for bringing it to him; besides, he took me to task awhile ago, because I started out of meeting too soon."

"Well, son, you know it is the custom for the minister to go out before any of the congregation starts—this is done as a mark of respect."

"Respect or not, he's nothing but a man, and as for creeping for him I won't do it."

"Well, let it all pass and carry him the turkey and if he don't thank you for it, I will."

Charles shouldered the fowl, and in a short time was at the house of the minister, who was seated in the parlor surrounded by a number of friends who had come to pass Thanksgiving with him. The lad entered without knocking, and bringing the turkey from his shoulders heavily upon the table said, "Mr. Moody, there's a turkey for you;



if you want it, you may have it; if you don't I'll carry it back again."

"I shall be very glad of it," said the minister; "but I think you might learn a little manners Charles, can't you do an errand better?"

"How would you have me do it?" said Charles.

"Sit down in my chair," said the parson, "and I will show you."

Charles took the chair while the divine took the turkey and left the room. He soon returned—took off his hat—made a very low bow, and said, "Mr. Moody, here is a turkey which my father sent you, and wishes you to accept it as a present."

Charles rose from his seat and took the fowl, and said to the minister, "it is a very fine one, and I feel very grateful to your father for it. In this and numerous other instances he has contributed to my happiness. If you will just carry it into the kitchen and return again, I will send for Mrs. Moody to give you half a dollar."

The parson walked out of the room—his friends laughed at the joke, and made up a purse for the lad, who ever afterwards received a reward for his services.

#### A WELSH MAGISTRATE.

A TRAVELLER having made an excellent supper at an inn in North Wales, observed that "nobody could have made a better."

"Stop, stop," said the landlord, "you are in Wales, sir, and must not make personal comparisons without adding, the Mayor excepted."

"No," rejoins the other, "I'll except neither Mayor or alderman; I say no man could have made a better supper than I have done."

"Will you not?" said Boniface. "Then let me tell you you'll be fined five shillings."

"Fined or confined, it matters not; I'll not except a soul of them."

The landlord made his bow and exit, but the next morning summoned his guest before the Mayor for the act of petty treason, and the fine was in consequence exacted and paid; when the traveller, turning round to the landlord in open court, thus addressed him.

"I have travelled through a greater part of England, Scotland and Ireland, and except the identical animal that chews the thistle, I have never met with so egregious an ass as you are, landlord; and then turning with an air of profound reverence to the bench, he added, "the Mayor excepted."

#### DUTCH CHEESE.

The laughable incident below is an actual fact, at least, so says the first Lieutenant of Commodore Coe's ship, who was in the action, and assisted in the destruction of the "cheeses." The Commodore, in a naval fight with Admiral Brown of the Buenos Ayrean service, fired away all his shot and had recourse to a lot of Dutch Cheese he had on board which the first Lieut. calls the greatest annihilation (of cheese or maggots, he does not say which) that he ever heard of. Take his own words for it:

"What shall we do, sir?" asked the first lieutenant; "we've not a single shot aboard—round, grape canonier, and double-headed, are all gone."

"Powder gone, eh?" asked Coe.

"No, sir—got lots of that yet."

"We had a very hard cheese—a round Dutch one, for desert at dinner to-day, do you remember it?" said Coe.

"I ought to—I broke the carving knife in trying to cut through it, sir."

"Are there any more aboard?"

"About two dozen—we took 'em from a droger."

"Will they go into the 18 pounders?"

"By thunder, Commodore, but that's the idea.—I'll try 'em" cried the first luff.

And in a few minutes the fire of the old "Santa Maria," (Coe's ship,) which had ceased entirely, was re-opened, and Admiral Brown found more shot flying over his head. Directly one of them struck the main mast, and as it did so, shattered and flew in every direction.

"What is that which the enemy is firing?" asked Brown—but nobody could tell.

Directly another one came in through a port and killed two men who stood near him, then striking the opposite bulwarks, burst into splinters.

"By Jove, this is too much; this is some new-fangled paixhan or other—I don't like 'em at all!" cried Brown; and then as four or five more of them came slap through his sails, he gave the order to fill away, and actually backed out of the fight, receiving a parting broadside of Dutch cheeses.

#### "ONNATERAL"

AN old lady living on one of the telegraph lines leading from Louisville, observed some workmen digging a hole near her door; she enquired what it was for?

"To put a post in for the telegraph."

Wild with fury and affright, she incontinently seized her bonnet and ran to her next neighbor with the news.

"What do you think," she exclaimed, in breathless haste, "they're setting up that paragraph right agin my door, and now I reckon a body can't scold a hand, or chat with a neighbor, but that plaguy thing'll be a-blabbing it all over creation.—I won't stand it! I'll move right away, where there ain't none of them onnateral fixins!"

#### POPPING THE QUESTION.

We forget where we met the following laconic example of "popping the question;" "Pray madam, do you like buttered toast?" "Yes, sir," "Will you marry me?" The mode adopted by an eccentric physician is almost as condensed. A lady came to consult him. He prescribed and took his guinea. "Madam," said he, "I wish to see you to-morrow. In the interval, take the medicine here prescribed, and ere we meet again, make up your mind to give me a plain YES OR NO to the question I now put to you. I am inclined to wed, not to woo. Will you allow me to lay out my fee in the purchase of your wedding ring?"

A MIDDLESEX Magistrate who was possessed with the itch of scribbling, and had written a book which he meant to publish, sent it to Dickens for his opinion, who, finding it full of absurdities, returned it with his compliments, and desired his worship would send it to the House of Correction.

AN honest Dutchman meeting a village M. D. one morning, the following dialogue ensued: "Goot

mornin', Doctor!" "Good morrow to you, Mr. Schmidt?" "Any body unwell down your way?" "Yes, Mr. Jones." "Oh, mine Got Doctor, vot ish de matter vid Mr. Jones?" "He's sick."—"Seek, seek, ish dat all? *I thought he had a fever or something.*"

THE most pernicious designs, the most malevolent purposes, are frequently found to clothe themselves in smiles; often while mischief lies brooding in men's hearts, "their words are smoother than oil." The father of lies himself can have recourse to truth if it be likely to serve his turn; and the enemy of all goodness will condescend to quote that Scripture which he hates, if it can help him to an argument on the occasion.

A YOUNG man having preached for Dr.——, was anxious to get a word of applause for his labor of love. The grave Dr. however, did not introduce the subject, and his brother was obliged to bait the hook for him. "I hope, sir, I did not weary your people by the length of sermon to-day?" "No, sir, not at all nor by the depth either." Lastly the young man was silent.

A LADY whose fondness for wine had given her a flushed face and a carbuncled nose, was one day looking in the glass and, wondering at the rubicundity of countenance, exclaimed "Where in the name of fortune, could I have got such a nose?" "Out of the decanter, my lady," said a sister visitor who stood by.

HAPPILY, calamity strengthens that soul which it is unable to subdue. The mind, forced back upon itself, finds in itself resources which it knew not of before, and the man who has learned to seek relief in religion, knows where to fly in every time of need.

"MOTHER," said a girl of nineteen, they say marriages are made in heaven—do you think they are?" "Why, my dear, it is a very genral opinion?" "If they are, mother, they seem a long time in coming down to some of us."

The glitter of riches often serves to draw attention to the worthlessness of the possessor, as the light emitted by the glow-worm reveals the insect.

#### Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

J. L. Flat Brook, N. Y. \$1.00; S. M. R. Cuba, N. Y. \$5.00; L. S. Bloomingdale, Ill. \$1.00; H. D. Cortlandville, N. Y. \$1.00; Mrs. C. A. D. Cummington Mass. \$1.00; N. D. S. Stafford Springs, Ct. \$1.00.

#### MARRIAGES.

At Stockport, on the 16th ult. by the Rev. A. B. Van Zandt, of Newburgh, Wm. Henry Tobv, Esq. of Kinderhook, to Miss Caroline, daughter of James Wild, of the former place.  
In Ghent, on the 28th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Lewis, Mr. Rodolphus Rossman, to Miss Mary Jane Van Allen, all of Ghent.

#### DEATHS.

In this city, on the 17th ult. James, infant son of William and Jane F. Bryan.  
On the 24th ult. Mr. Frederick Smith, aged 26 years.  
At Chatham 4 Corners, on the 10th ult. Mrs. Martha Peake, in her 60th year.  
In Gallatinville, on the 17th ult. Lucretia M. wife of Wm. W. Hoyeradt, aged 33 years.



## Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

STANZAS.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

AROUND my neck for many years,  
A chain of priceless pearls have hung,  
'Mid sorrows, pleasures, smiles and tears,  
Have closer yet, and closer clung.

If in their eyes there beamed delight,  
It lit my pathway, cheered my hours,  
Mind soared in holier, loftier flight,  
And birds sung sweeter in their bowers.

If o'er our sky a shadow passed,  
And wrapped our little world in gloom,  
Unitely we met the blast,  
And bowed unbroken to our doom.

My precious ones, long have you been  
My light in darkness, hope in fear,  
On earth, there was no brighter scene  
Than ours, for many a rolling year.

And now we part—the chain is riven,  
Of hearts, so closely here entwined;  
To meet perhaps—no more—till heaven  
Shall form the dwelling of the mind.

If so—how glorious to recount  
In holy converse face to face,  
Seated upon a flowery mount,  
With smiles—not tears—the past retraced.

There, no adieu—and no farewell—  
With withering anguish pierced the heart;  
Upon the ear is borne no knell—  
Of severed joys—no sound—we part.

Sag Harbor, L. I. 1847.

For the Rural Repository.

## SCRIPTURE PAINTING, NO. II.

HAGER IN THE WILDERNESS.

BY CATHERINE WEBB BARBER.

"Mother I faint! Oh give me drink!"  
Thus spake the

Bond-maid's boy, as through the tangled wilderness  
She forced her tedious way, holding  
His wasted form clasped closely o'er her  
Aching heart, and letting now and then a  
Scalding tear, which would not be restrained,  
Drop on his pallid, deathless face—"Oh mother  
Give me drink!"  
The fierce red sun was high, and  
Not a living thing seemed stirring on  
The plain. No bird twittered among its  
Little ones, high 'mid the withering leaves—  
No snowy flock sought the cool streamlet's side,  
To rest.

"My son, I have no water, and  
Our bread is spent! Nothing remains for us  
But death—a slow and starving death! We can  
But nerve our hearts to meet it unappalled!"  
And down the wretched mother sat to die.  
She raised the fainting head, which had fallen  
Back upon her arm, and looked upon  
The face. The lips, swollen and parched by  
Thirst, were slightly thrown apart, and through them  
Came the struggling, fetid breath, with a low  
Gronn—the sunken eyes gleamed glassy through  
The half-closed lids, and black circles had  
Come round, marked there by misery most  
Intense.

Was this her boy?—her beautiful!  
How had she oft exulted in his growth,  
And dreamed the rose was mocked by the  
Fresh flush on his soft cheek! How had she  
Listened for his foot-fall at the twilight

Hour, and smiled, when in his sports he  
Bounded by her like a startled antelope—  
His bright curls tossing in the free cool wind!  
Then in the pride of a fond heart, she had  
Spoken tauntingly to one, who watched  
Her with a jealous eye, and said that God  
In "His great goodness," had remembered  
Her. But now she was thrust forth to die, and  
With her was her idol-boy. Had he been  
Spared she would have pined away, with  
Hunger gnawing on her life, and smiled  
To think that he was safe. But this!—Oh God!  
It was too much! She could not bear the misery  
Stamped upon his young, fair brow, and so  
She laid him down beneath a shrub, and  
Covered up her face with both her hands,  
And headlong rushed away, calling on  
God in her dire agony!

God heard, and sent

His angel forth to comfort her! When the  
Low silvery voice fell on her ear, telling  
That she should live, and from her son should spring  
A nation vast, she lifted up her wondering  
Eyes, and lo! a crystal fountain guggled  
By her side. With what a shriek of wild delight  
She caught her child, and dashed the cooling  
Liquid o'er his brow, and wet his parched  
Up lips! and when a slumber, soft and deep  
Fell on his eyelids, she knelt down beside  
The limpid stream, and with clasped hands and  
Upturned eyes, thanked Abraham's God  
For his great gifts.

La Fayette, Ala. 1847.

For the Rural Repository.

## SONNETS ADDRESSED TO MISS S. J. L\*\*\*\*\*.

BY ISAAC COBB.

Oh lady! were mine but a pen of pure gold,  
Some Muse at my elbow my words to indite,  
What scenes of enchantment thine eye would behold,  
Surpassingly fair and ineffably bright,  
But pens of pure gold, in these days, are rare things,  
And Muses are scarcer than poets I ween;  
Yet he that in soaring on fancy's light wings,  
New beauties from heights of elysium brings,  
From the regions of friendship kind wishes may glean;  
So let me, withdrawn to my studio, write  
From the thoughts of my heart still remaining untold,  
By my flickering taper, a sonnet to thee,  
Though artless and feeble its numbers may be.

When the planet of even serenely is shining,  
Reflecting her form in the lake and the rill,  
When slowly the tints of the day are declining,  
Beyond the dark wood and the towering hill;  
When gloomily gather the shadows of night,  
And nature recedes, as it were from the sight,  
If thou to thy pillow thy head art resigning,  
Some heavenly influence hallow the hours,  
That thou unmolested by noise or affright,  
Mayst peacefully slumber and pleasantly dream,  
Whilst the angels of beauty are guarding the flowers,  
From heaven descending on Cynthia's beam.

Be angels thy guards on the ocean of life,  
The heavens be cloudless, the waters be still;  
No shadow of sorrow, no tempests of strife,  
Thy spirit to trouble with bodings of ill;  
No wind of adversity angrily blowing,  
Thy bark to endanger whilst thou art reposing;  
No wave of affliction tumultuously flowing,  
O'er the ruins of faith and of hope darkly closing;  
Oh, rather may zephyr the sail gently fill,  
And Bethlehem's star be the beacon to guide thee,  
Afar from the regions where storms might betide thee,  
Till moored be thy bark in the haven of rest—  
The port of the happy, the home of the blest.

Gorham, Me. 1847.

From Neal's Saturday Gazette.

And the temple of God was opened in Heaven.—*Revelations*, xi. 19.

With sacred joy we lift our eyes  
To those bright realms above;  
That glorious temple in the skies,  
Where dwells eternal love.

## BOUND VOLUMES.

THE Subscriber, has on hand a number of Bound Volumes of the Repository, viz. Volumes, 11, 12, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, and 23 which he will sell at \$1.00 each. They can be sent by mail to any part of the United States at about 22 Cents per volume. He has also on hand, some double volumes (two vols. bound in one) for \$2.00, which can be sent any distance for about 40 Cents. They are all well bound in a neat and tasteful style. He has some firmly stitched and covered in a pamphlet form that are nearly as strong as those bound, which will be sold for 75 Cents per volume—the Postage on the last being only 17 Cents.

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W. B. STODDARD.

Hudson, N. Y. December, 18, 1847.

## New Volume, September, 1847.

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Vol. 24, Commencing Sept. 25, 1847.

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WILLIAM B. STODDARD

Hudson, Columbia, Co. N. Y. 1847.

✂ EDITORS, who wish to exchange, are respectfully requested to give the above a few insertions, or at least a notice and receive Subscriptions.